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THE GARLAND;

OR

NEW CENTRAL REPOSITORY

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. 1.—NO. 1.

EDITED BY G. A. GAMAGE.

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AUBURN, N. Y.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY T. M. SKINNER.

JUNE—1825.

THE

GARLAND.

OR

New General Repository

of fugitive Poetry

Moral, descriptive and sentimental.

SELECTED

from the Periodical Press & other

JOURNALS,

American and Foreign.

with notes and remarks.

BY G. A. GAMAGE.

Vol. I.

" A Poet should instruct or please or both.
And he that joins instruction with delight,
Profit with pleasure — carries all the votes."

Horace.

Printed & Published monthly by

T. M. SKINNER,

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THE GARLAND.

"Come, hail with me the gleams of joy
That brighten round the Poet's head;
With me the vocal shell employ
To mourn the gloom that wraps his bed."

VOL. I.] JUNE, 1825. [NO. I.

PROSPECTUS.

In offering to his fellow-citizens the prospectus of a task, such as the ensuing remarks may briefly explain, the editor would observe, that he does but anticipate the labors of many more competent minds, and efficient pens, in a department of moral usefulness and entertainment, which he has long marvelled to find unattempted and unapproached; as it cannot but be considered matter of surprise, that amidst all the exuberance of literary fertility, by which the intellectual atmosphere of our country has been so justly distinguished, no cheerful volunteer has yet stepped forward, willing to rescue from oblivion the thousand little votive contributions to the Garland of taste, that have been ushered into too ephemeral day, by the operations of a rapid and multifarious press; clearly of opinion as we are, that "full many a flower is born to blush"—if not "unseen," at least unappropriated; and to "waste its sweetness on the desert air," for want of some ardent and generous friend, who in scanning the wide *parterre*, might kindly stray aside, and offer an asylum, where its freshness should be permanently admired, and its blossoms attentively cherished.

To supply in a material degree this *hiatus*, (if the term may be allowed,) in the most interesting chapter of mental erudition, as far as individual ambition can extend, is the object of the present undertaking—Not that we shall lay claim to great originality of *invention*; since the taper of others, "with study pale, and midnight vigils spent," must shed upon our pages whatever of brilliancy or value they may possess. But we regret to observe the daily and hourly loss, sustained, not only by the "sons of song" themselves, but by their advocates and friends, in the very nature of the perishable and incongruous medium which gives their labors access to the public eye.—As will be seen therefore, we raise no arbor of our own; seeking only to prepare a wreath acceptable to all, from vines which other and lighter hands have planted, and taught to environ the retreat of science and contemplation.

Poetry, like other arts, has had at different periods its fashion and its faults; its culture and its waste; its desert and its school; and if at one time, mere enthusiasm has been lenient and indulgent in all the latitude of admiration, so, at another, have pedantry and envy been captious, fastidious, querulous, hypercritical, and repulsive. No wonder then, that (passing the tuneful days of Roman vigor and Grecian elegance) from Chaucer to Scott, and from Spenser to Byron, so many fluctuations of taste and obliquities of appetite, have caused many a well-meant, though humble tribute to the stores of knowledge, to perish by the way-side;—like ill-omened fruit, of which, in its premature fall, after long and anxious watchfulness, the cultivator has at last no reason to feel other than regardless. Yet in what instance, it may be safely inquired, has the individual appeared "from Tiber's bank to Orellana's stream," whose dulness would avow possession of that anomaly in the Creator's works—a heart unfurnished with a fibre, capable of responding to the music of poetry? Nature herself declares unreservedly against him; and never fails to draw the admission at last, from her truant pupil, that however estranged from melody awhile, by the sordid concussions of life; the vibrations of the harp are ever known to confer additional embellishment, on the fragile hours of human felicity, and to shed the mellow rays of harmony and peace, even on the darkest intervals of human despondence. A solace, how welcome, through an arid wilderness! A *Bethesda* to the panting traveller, who seeks refreshment more delicate, than the worthless rank-grass that skirts his path across the wild!—privileges too dearly obtained indeed, for succeeding ages of unrequiting forgetfulness, at the price of Petrarch's pilgrimage of melancholy, and Tasso's "life of sighs."

But, to return.—Another and very cogent reason, induces us to interpose our efforts, in behalf of what we may consider the testimonials of genius. In the incalculable number of periodical and other publications with which our country abounds, from the daily news-letter, to the more voluminous monthly and quarterly repositories, it is impossible that but very few, should reach the hands of *all* classes of inquirers—much more so, that the heart-refining effusions alone, of those who minister at Apollo's shrine, should be able to penetrate every genial recess of poitshed society, where "heedless rambling impulse" may be taught "to think," and even the rudest passions confess themselves subdued by the magic of the Lyre.

Thus while the stream of Helicon pursues its windings through vale, and glen, and garden, beneath the shade of laurel and cyprus, of yew and evergreen; receiving on either side the blossoms of "true poesy" that light upon its silver bosom, and bearing all indiscriminate-

ly toward a common ocean of oblivion—it shall be ours, to venture amidst the tide, and, seeking in each an Amaranth, to "cull with care" the choicest leaf and fairest bud, that might otherwise hasten on the wave amidst weeds and chaff, to a promiscuous destiny.

In addition; it may be well to remark, briefly, that our plan will embrace as a *primary object*, the preservation of exercises of *American genius*, although not to the exclusion of such foreign articles, as may contribute to its rational and tasteful completion: thus calculated to form in due time, a handsome appendage to the poetical department of the scholar's library.

To conclude. From our fair countrywomen, we would not conceal the fact, that our hopes of favor are not a little enhanced, by the belief of that enviable share of approbation and patronage, with which they, as the arbiters of taste, and umpires of refinement, would vouchsafe to smile upon our undertaking. The mellow cadences of Poetry, affect with peculiar sweetness the congenial susceptibility of the female breast, and multiply their fascinations on the ear of Man, when falling from the lips of beauty and intelligence;—the encouragement we therefore anticipate from their generous aid, will form a prominent feature in the reward, wherewith we trust our exertions may be ultimately crowned.

As our distance from each great metropolis, will not *of necessity* prove an obstacle to the perfect fulfilment of our contract with subscribers, in all its parts, (owing to the present admirable facility of communication with every portion of our country,) and as it is intended that the appearance and execution of the work, shall be equal at least, to that of any undertaking of similar magnitude in the United States, so we hope to be favored with corresponding patronage, from the enlightened, contemplative and refined, in the circles of metropolitan generosity.

Communications of reasonable length, (in prose or verse,) together with sketches of poetical history, biography, characters, and incidents, temperate criticisms, &c. &c. in coincidence with the features of our design, as tending to form a magazine of extracts and *original* Essays, on Poetry, will be thankfully received (post-paid) and meet cheerful insertion.

According to an intelligent and polished writer,* to whose pen we are indebted for many justly valued contributions to the elegant literature of the present day—"Man is both a poet and a musician by nature."

This position, may doubtless have been correct, in the earlier periods of society, when every bard attuned his runic lays to the chords of his own simple lyre and accompanied the melody of his numbers with strains of self-taught minstrelsy. But that the same distinguishing faculty of the mind, cannot be supposed to exist at present, in its former latitude, must we think be apparent to any observer, who will indulge but a momentary comparison of that era of unsophisticated pleasure, elevated patriotism, artless sincerity, and purity of benevolence; with these latter days of selfish abstraction, turbulence, cupidity, and care.

*Dr. Blair.

Amidst the unrefining contacts of existence, with its fluctuating and evanescent occupations, the twin sisters, Poetry and Music, have been compelled to construct each her own arbor, and to "build the lofty rhyme" and "wake the living lyre," not only without reference to each other's aid, but often indifferent to each other's popularity or success. As sciences, once considered inseparable, they are now cultivated apart, by minds of very different mould, and not unfrequently dissimilar complexion, and with distinct objects; the former addressing itself to the softer sensibilities of the imagination and the heart; the latter, satisfied to charm the fancy and captivate the ear. Hence it is, that even in the most polished circles, and where the highest pretensions are often made to the elegancies of a finished education, we find so few good readers of poetic numbers, and so few, skilled by study and practice, in the distinguishing beauties of the Epic, the Didactic, the Pastoral and the Lyric verse. This too, amongst those whose admitted claims to superiority as proficients in Music, would naturally induce very rational expectations of an intimate acquaintance with the characteristics of Poetry; and whose self-pride would "take up ready praise," at being looked upon as criterions of correctness, as well in the melody of the one, as the harmony of the other.

It is not however, with the vain supposition, that our efforts will be able to repair the long neglected standard of these bright exercises of human genius, that our present undertaking is commenced. For the lovers and votaries of both, we shall endeavor to select such original articles of merit, as will add interest and entertainment, to the rapidly increasing store of our country's literature; pointing out from time to time, the particular beauties of each specimen, and censuring, only in instances of manifest departure from the acknowledged rules of composition, in violation of harmony, movement, mechanism, and taste.

A remark may here be properly introduced, to which we shall frequently have occasion to recur, viz:—That an indispensable requisite toward the right understanding of a performance in poetry, (no matter of what measure,) is to ascertain by the application of every known test, the manner in which the author probably intended his production should be scanned, or accented; as by this rule, we cannot fail instantly realize his object, accompany his modulations, and as it were, join in the fervor of his feelings, and the melody of his song.

The following article, we present as a case in point, bearing testimony at the same time to the correctness and felicity of its execution.*

FROM THE PETERSBURG INTELLIGENCER.

The Stream of Time.

"My days are passed away as the swift ships."
JOB. IX. 26.

Time, like the ebbing torrent strong,
Bears all terrestrial things along
With overwhelming sweep;
Thus, wave by wave, and day by day,
Swift ebbs our little life away
To the eternal deep.

*Here by adopting the assurance, (which is very manifest,) that the writer would be understood as commencing every stanza with a Trochaic foot we place our accent accordingly; and finding all the remainder Iambics, will readily perceive how musically and smoothly the whole movement proceeds to the end.

Time like | the eb | bing tor | rent strong, |
Some float | like bub | bles down | the tide, | &c.

Some float like bubbles down the tide,
And some like gallant Navies glide
With waving streamers crown'd;
Sometimes the baffling storms prevail,
Or onward urg'd with gentle gale
They seek the gulph profound.

What crowds embark on life's gay morn!
As if for trips of pleasure born
They dash the waves astern;
While some who wealth assiduous court,
Pursue their voyage from port to port,
But none, alas! return.

Some fix'd upon the treach'rous sand,
Or wreck'd on rocks, as beacons stand
To mark the dang'rous shore;
Yet with the warning full in view
Still many a thoughtless, watchless crew,
But add one warning more.

Oh! happy they, who cross the line,
Directed by the chart divine,
And by the compass steer;
Their skilful Pilot guides their course,
Nor shoals shall check, nor storms shall force
Their well-trimm'd bark to veer.

Laden and stow'd with sacred store,
And bound to the celestial shore,
They pass the billowy main;
They reach the haven, anchor cast,
And girt their time-worn bark at last,
Nor put to sea again.

FROM THE DUMFRIES AND GALLOWAY COUR.

On the Visit of General La Fayette to America.

See, Freedom's champion full of years,
The pride of the Freeman's story,
Again across th' Atlantic steers
To the land of his former glory!

The Old World's night he leaves behind,
The morn of the new is before him—
And the ocean is calm, and the winds are kind,
And the heavens shine mildly o'er him.

And see! on the shores of Freedom's land
A Nation is fondly straying,
And asking each billow that breaks on its strand
Why their "Guest" so long is delaying.

He comes! he lands!—and thousand arms
Are stretch'd at once to enfold him;
And liberty clasps him in all her arms,
Rejoicing again to behold him.

Sublime from her throne in the World of the West,
She extends him the sceptre he gave her,
While the millions around her cry "Hail!" to their Guest,
The Hero who conquer'd to save her.

Oh! who would not envy the god-like pride
And triumph his soul is feeling,
While the Sons of those Sires who fought by his side
Their gratitude thus are revealing.

Those Sires now sleep in the arms of their Fame
Where soon he shall hasten to find them;
But their spirits still hear and approve the acclaim
Which he yet is enjoying behind them.

But who is he, with locks so white,
Who comes, by so many surrounded?
'Tis the "Father" who first in America's right
The trumpet of liberty of Liberty sounded.

With filial awe the crowds attend,
And weep while his tears are flowing—
While he clings round the neck of his ancient friend,
And seems to his bosom growing.

Now, La Fayette! the hour is come,
The proudest that e'er pass'd o'er thee,
When thou shar'st of true glory a mightier sum
Than all who have gone before thee.

And, glowing forever in Fame's bright sky,
Shall the triumph thou now art reaping
Be the pole-star of hope to the Patriot's eye,
When thou art with Washington sleeping.

FROM THE STATESMAN.

Stanzas.

O cease, gentle rover,
Thus sweetly to sing;
For thy notes to the lover
Remembrances bring,
Of youth's bright hours shaded
By sorrow and care,
And youth's pleasures faded
To shadows and air.

Thy strain that thus sweetly
Resounds through the grove,
Transports his thoughts fleetly
To times in which love
And friendship unshrouded
By darkness or gloom,
Shone o'er him unclouded
In rapturous bloom.

O cease, then, to murmur
Thus softly thy strain;
For the heart would be firmer
Supported 'gainst pain,
From the breast could it sever
All trace of the past,
And away once and ever
All memory cast.

Yet stay, sweetest—leave not,
O fly me not yet—
I raved—O believe not,
I e'er would forget
The years that have vanish'd,
When hope, health, and youth
From my heart and thought banish'd
All doubt of thy truth.

And though health, worn and broken,
And hope lost in tears,
Of youth leave no token,
Save fewness of years;

Yet 'twere better to cherish
In silence this pain,
Than that these scenes should perish
And fade from the brain.

The Death of the Righteous.

BY MONTGOMERY.

This place is holy ground,
World, with thy cares away!
Silence and darkness reign around,
But lo! the break of day;
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears?

'Tis not the morning light,
That wakes the lark to sing;
'Tis not a meteor of the night,
Nor track of angel's wing,
It is an uncreated beam,
Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and Time
Met for a moment here;
From earth to heaven a scale sublime
Rested on either sphere,
Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
By death's cold hand led home to God.

He landed in our view,
Midst flaming hosts above;
Whose ranks stood silent, while he drew
Nigh to the throne of love,
And meekly took the lowest seat,
Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,
Entranc'd our spirits fell,
And saw—yet wist not what they saw;
And heard—no tongue can tell
What sounds the ear of rapture caught
What glory fill'd the eye of thought.

Thus far above the pole,
On wings of mountain fire,
Faith may pursue the enfranchis'd soul,
But soon her pinions tire;
It is not giv'n to mortal man
Eternal mysteries to scan.

Behold the bed of death;
This pale and lovely clay;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Mark'd ye the eye's last ray?
No!—Life so sweetly ceas'd to be,
It laps'd in immortality.

Could tears revive the dead,
Rivers should swell our eyes;
Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
We would not quench our sighs,
Till love return'd this alter'd mien,
And the embodied soul were seen.

Bury the dead;—and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead;—in Christ they sleep,
Who love on earth his cross,
And from the grave their dust shall rise
In his own image to the skies.

Without stopping to comment much at large on each article as we proceed, we shall merely offer an occasional remark upon the probable intention of the writers, in selecting their MEASURE, and the success with which they have adapted it to the subject.

There is a peculiar charm in the ease and gracefulness of the Iambic form of verse, acknowledged by every ear; and that author is entitled to no small degree of credit, who, in attempting its utmost extent, (seven feet,) can preserve his harmony uninterrupted, and his pauses unbroken. The ancient manner of displaying this beautiful measure in ONE line, we think far preferable to the modern innovation of dividing it into two. The following is from an experienced, a judicious, and musical pen.

FROM THE ROCKINGHAM (N. H.) GAZETTE.

☞In the following lines, the idea is taken from that beautiful passage of Anastasius, in which he is represented lamenting the death of his child, Alexis.

To William.

It was but yesterday, my child, thy little heart
beat high, [me thou must die.
And I had scorn'd the warning voice that told
I saw thee move with active bound, with spir-
its light and free, [charm on thee.
And infant grace and beauty threw their ev'ry

Upon the dewy field I saw thine early footsteps
fly, [radiant sky;
Unfetter'd as the matin bird that cleaves the
And often as the sunrise gale blew back thy
shining hair, [health had painted there.
Thy cheek display'd the red rose tinge that

Then wither'd as my heart had been, I could
not but rejoice, [thy voice,
To hear upon the morning wind the music of
Now echoing in the careless laugh, now melt-
ing down to tears; [happier years.
'Twas like the sounds I us'd to hear in old and

Thanks for that memory to thee, my little love-
ly boy, [destroy:
'Tis all remains of former bliss that care cannot
I listen'd as the mariner suspends the out-
bound oar, [his native shore.
To taste the farewell gale that flows from off

I lov'd thee, and my heart was blest—but ere
the day was spent, [illness bent,
I saw thy light and graceful limbs in drooping
And shudder'd as I cast a look upon thy faint-
ing head, [was almost fled.
For all the [crimson*] glow of health, and life

One glance upon thy marble brow made known
that hope was vain; [light again;
I knew the swiftly wasting lamp should never
Thy cheek was pale, thy snow-white lips were
gently thrown apart, [from the heart.
And life in ev'ry passing breath seem'd gushing

And when I could not keep the tear from
gath'ring in my eye, [reply;
Thy little hand prest gently mine in token of
To ask once more exchange of love thy look
was upward cast,

*Finding this line deficient by two syllables, perhaps by typographical error, we have added this word to give it the length required.

And in that long and burning kiss thy happy
spirit pass'd.

I trusted I should not have liv'd to bid farewell
to thee, [so to be:
And nature in her heart declares it ought not
I hoped that thou within the grave my weary
head should lay,— [happy day.
And live belov'd when I was gone, for many a

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy dying
eyes to close, [deep repose!
And how I envied in that hour thy calm and
For I was left alone on earth, with pain and
grief opprest, [weary are at rest.
And thou wast with the sainted, where the

Yes, I am left alone on earth—but I will not
repine [than mine:
Because a spirit lov'd so well is earlier blest
My fate may darken as it will—I shall not
much deplore, [reach thee more.
Since thou art where the ills of life can never

W.

FROM THE BROOKLYN (N. Y.) STAR.

Spring.

The spring returns; but where are they
Who welcom'd in the last bright season?
Where are the happy, where the gay,
The light of heart and light of reason?
The sky is just as bright, the air as free,
The blossoms hang as fresh on bush and tree,
And nature is as lovely as was wont to be.

The spring returns; but where are they
Whose hearts beat high with joy and gladness?
Whose smiles beguil'd each coming day,
And kept afar each thought of sadness?
Where are the young, the beautiful, the gay,
Those on whom fairy-hope had shed its ray,
And those by love made happy? where are they?

Feelings have changed, as time has fled!
Hearts have been crushed, and smiles been banish'd,
And joy, by Time's destructive tread,
Has, like a dream forever vanish'd!
Hopes have been blighted; and the grave
Has seiz'd its victims. Wherefore rave?
Nor prayers, nor sighs, nor tears availed to save.

The spring returns; but some are far
Wand'ring upon a trackless sea;
And some are not: but some there are [be.
Have changed their friendships—such there
The spring will pass, but mem'ry's eye
Will sadly rest on things gone by;
Till hope, and thought, and feeling die. M.

FROM THE NATIONAL JOURNAL.

The Soldier's Grave.

"The paths of glory lead but to the Grave."
GRAY.

Blow light, thou gentle breeze,
Where lies the soldier brave;
Blast not a leaf upon the trees
That stand around his grave.

No one should on the sod,
With rudeness dare to tread,
Lest, with a nod, an angry God
Might lay him with the dead.

Blow light, thou gentle breeze,
And worth and virtue save;
'Tis not the remnants of disease
That haunt the soldier's grave:
But let thy lay be heard to say,
"*Sleep on, departed brave.*"

Blow light, and let repose
The quiet of the tomb;
And let the rose which near it grows
In yearly grandeur bloom.

I would not see his bones arise
For all that dwells on earth,
With shroud unfurl'd to curse the world
That gave his being birth:
Then gently blow, forever so,
And sing the soldier's worth.

WASHINGTON BARD.

To a Lady.

And wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast,
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet methinks a gleam of peace,
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine:
And for a while my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart doth feel for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear,
It falls for one who cannot weep,
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm,
With ev'ry feeling soft as thine,
But beauty's self hath ceas'd to charm
A wretch who's fated to repine.

Yet, wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

FROM THE U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

Dirge over a Nameless Grave.

By yon still river, where the wave
Is winding slow at ev'ning's close,
The beech, upon a nameless grave,
Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks down
Upon the many twinkling leaves,
And twilight's mellow shades are brown,

Yet 'twere better to cherish
In silence this pain,
Than that these scenes should perish
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One glance upon thy marble brow made known
that hope was vain; [light again;
I knew the swiftly wasting lamp should never
Thy cheek was pale, thy snow-white lips were
gently thrown apart, [from the heart.
And life in ev'ry passing breath seem'd gushing

And when I could not keep the tear from
gath'ring in my eye, [reply;
Thy little hand prest gently mine in token of
To ask once more exchange of love thy look
was upward cast,

*Finding this line deficient by two syllables, perhaps by typographical error, we have added this word to give it the length required.

And in that long and burning kiss thy happy
spirit pass'd.

I trusted I should not have liv'd to bid farewell
to thee, [so to be:
And nature in her heart declares it ought not
I hoped that thou within the grave my weary
head should lay,— [happy day,
And live belov'd when I was gone, for many a

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy dying
eyes to close, [deep repose!
And how I envied in that hour thy calm and
For I was left alone on earth, with pain and
grief opprest, [weary are at rest.
And thou wast with the sainted, where the

Yes, I am left alone on earth—but I will not
repine [than mine:
Because a spirit lov'd so well is earlier blest
My fate may darken as it will—I shall not
much deplore, [reach thee more.
Since thou art where the ills of life can never

W.

FROM THE BROOKLYN (N. Y.) STAR.

Spring.

The spring returns; but where are they
Who welcom'd in the last bright season?
Where are the happy, where the gay,
The light of heart and light of reason?
The sky is just as bright, the air as free,
The blossoms hang as fresh on bush and tree,
And nature is as lovely as was wont to be.

The spring returns; but where are they
Whose hearts beat high with joy and gladness?
Whose smiles beguil'd each coming day,
And kept afar each thought of sadness?
Where are the young, the beautiful, the gay,
Those on whom fairy-hope had shed its ray,
And those by love made happy? where are they?

Feelings have changed, as time has fled!
Hearts have been crushed, and smiles been banish'd,
And joy, by Time's destructive tread,
Has, like a dream forever vanish'd!
Hopes have been blighted; and the grave
Has seiz'd its victims. Wherefore rave?
Nor prayers, nor sighs, nor tears availed to save.

The spring returns; but some are far
Wand'ring upon a trackless sea;
And some are not: but some there are [be.
Have changed their friendships—such there
The spring will pass, but mem'ry's eye
Will sadly rest on things gone by;
Till hope, and thought, and feeling die. M.

FROM THE NATIONAL JOURNAL.

The Soldier's Grave.

"The paths of glory lead but to the Grave."
GRAY.

Blow light, thou gentle breeze,
Where lies the soldier brave;
Blast not a leaf upon the trees
That stand around his grave.

No one should on the sod,
With rudeness dare to tread,
Lest, with a nod, an angry God
Might lay him with the dead.

Blow light, thou gentle breeze,
And worth and virtue save;
'Tis not the remnants of disease
That haunt the soldier's grave:
But let thy lay be heard to say,
"*Sleep on, departed brave.*"

Blow light, and let repose
The quiet of the tomb;
And let the rose which near it grows
In yearly grandeur bloom.

I would not see his bones arise
For all that dwells on earth,
With shroud unfurl'd to curse the world
That gave his being birth:
Then gently blow, forever so,
And sing the soldier's worth.

WASHINGTON BARD.

To a Lady.

And wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast,
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet methinks a gleam of peace,
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine:
And for a while my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart doth feel for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear,
It falls for one who cannot weep,
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm,
With ev'ry feeling soft as thine,
But beauty's self hath ceas'd to charm
A wretch who's fated to repine.

Yet, wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

FROM THE U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

Dirge over a Nameless Grave.

By yon still river, where the wave
Is winding slow at ev'ning's close,
The beech, upon a nameless grave,
Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks down
Upon the many twinkling leaves,
And twilight's mellow shades are brown,

Where darkly the green turf upheaves.

The river glides in silence there,
And hardly waves the sapling tree:
Sweet flow'rs are springing, and the air
Is full of balm—but where is she!

They bade her wed a son of pride,
And leave the hopes she cherish'd long:
She loved but one,—and would not hide
A love which knew no wrong.*

And months went sadly on,—and years:—
And she was wasting day by day:
At length she died,—and many tears
Were shed, that she should pass away.

Then came a gray old man and knelt
With bitter weeping by her tomb:—
And others mourn'd for him, who felt
That he had seal'd a daughter's doom.

The fun'ral train has long past on,
And time wip'd dry the father's tear!
Farewell,—lost maiden, !—there is one
That mourns thee yet,—and he is here.

H. W. L.

The following Song, or Hymn, well worthy of preservation amongst the records of native Poetry; was written for and sung at a recent religious festival in Plymouth, Mass. It is from the pen of an accomplished scholar, and an eloquent preacher, the Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston, author of "Airs of Palestine," and other works, which have been received with merited distinction. There is a vein of piety and patriotism running through this little piece, which cannot fail to render it a favorite; while as a specimen of poetical correctness, it needs no commendation from us—except to remark, that the union of two or more different measures, in so small a compass, gives an agreeable vivacity to its tones and cadence.

Landing of the Fathers.

The *Pilgrim Fathers*—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er,
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day,
When the *May-Flower* moor'd below,
When the sea around was brisk with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

CHORUS.

Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day, &c.

The mists, that wrapp'd the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide; [deep,
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the
To stay its waves of pride. [gale
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the
When the heav'ns look'd dark, is gone—
As an angel's wing, through an op'ning cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

CHORUS. [day, &c.

It is gone from the bay, where it spread that

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!
The hill, whose icy brow [flame,
Rejoic'd when he came, in the morning's
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head—
But the pilgrim—where is he?

CHORUS.

He is not in the bay, as he was that day, &c.

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:—
When Summer's thron'd on high, [drest,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallow'd spot is cast;
And the ev'ning sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

CHORUS.

Not such was the ray, that she shed that day, &c.

The pilgrim's *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the *May-Flower* lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

CHORUS. [&c.

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,

*This line is needlessly too short.

FROM U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

An April Day.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has return'd again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flow'r of the plain.

I love the season well, [forms,
When forest glades are teeming with bright
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-in of storms.

From the earth's loosen'd mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives:
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbl'd song [our'd wings
Comes through the pleasing woods, and col-
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

And when bright sunset fills [throws
The silver woods with light, the green slope
Its shadow in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the day is gone,
In the blue lake the sky o'er-reaching far
Is hollow'd out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide [ows throw,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shad-
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till to its autumn brought
Life's golden fruit is shed. H. W. L.

FROM THE LINCOLN INTELLIGENCER.

Similes.

Man's life is like the morning vapor,
That wastes before the sun;
Or like the gleam of ev'ning's taper,
That early waxes dun.

'Tis like the transient fleeting shadow,
Of unsubstantial birth:
Or like the lily on the meadow,
That sudden falls to earth.

'Tis like the gay prismatic vision,
That mocks with borrow'd hues:
Or like the classic fond elysian—
Unchasten'd fancy views.

'Tis like the sound of choral numbers,
That lulls the soul to sleep;
But *death* shall break the lethal slumbers,
Her dreaming powers that keep.

The morning mists the sun shall banish,
The drooping lily die;
Man's life shall, as the taper, vanish,
Or as the shadow, fly.

His soul alone, shall rise immortal,
And triumph o'er the tomb;
Redeemed, pass Heav'n's sparkling portal,
And flourish there and bloom. C****.

The following Stanzas were addressed by a gentleman as a tribute of respect, to a young Lady, afflicted in the bloom of life with the loss of sight; but whose natural fondness for poetry, and talent for music, still afford in their ardent cultivation, a solace for her irretrievable misfortune.

FROM THE CAYUGA REPUBLICAN.

To Harriet.

There's a joy in the young dance of fancy and passion,
There's bliss in the blooming of intellect's flow'r,
And some find delight in the follies of fashion,
But all that I ask for 's thy voice and guitar.

There's a charm in the season's majestic progression,
Sweetly lighting and shading the landscape of life;
But they roll unobserv'd in a silent succession,
While thy voice and guitar waken harmony's strife.

There's a charm in the high plume of glory and grandeur,
In wit's corruscations and fancy's wild roam,
But more than the plume or the sparkling or splendor,
Are thy voice and guitar in the ev'ning at home.

There's ecstasy high on the cliff of a mountain,
To stand like a sentry in nature's wild war,
To hear the mix'd moan of the forest and fountain,
But all does not equal thy voice and guitar.

There's a rapture in beauty's quick glance, while the bosom
Beats high with the impulse of passion's young kiss;
But purer and higher's the joy I repose on,
When thy voice and guitar sweetly lull me to bliss.

'Tis sweet when the notes of fame's trumpet fall deep,
On the ear of ambition loud swelling, afar;
But ambition is tranquil and fame's hush'd to sleep,
At the soft touching notes of thy voice and guitar. I. C.

FROM THE NATIONAL JOURNAL.

Sonnet,

Addressed to the Philanthropist, ROBERT OWEN, Esquire, *of Lanark.*

While hapless Europe, or now bleeds in war,
Or Peace more cruel finds; while Tyranny
Sits thunder-thron'd, and threatens wide and far.
The nations; lo! a clime of Liberty,
With streak of day relieves the black'ning gloom,
And o'er the waste of waves, makes bright the West.
The flow'rs of human bliss, here bud and bloom,
Here Freedom gives the heavy laden rest;
And back they look upon the hideous night,
Dismay'd, where shapes of death and terror roam;
Yet there, one form, enroll'd in sacred light,
Leaving, for works of love, its hallow'd home,
One spirit blest amidst the shades we see,
Smiling benign on man—O! OWEN, it is thee. MUSÆUS.

Ireland.

The following beautiful stanzas are supposed to have been written by Lord Fitzgerald, on the night of his being arrested.

Oh! Ireland, my country! the hour
Of thy pride and thy splendor has pass'd,
And the chain which has spurn'd in thy moment of power,
Hangs heavy around thee at last.
There are marks in the fate of each clime,
There are turns in the fortunes of men;
But the changes of realms and the chances of time
Shall never restore thee again.

Thou art chain'd to the wheel of the foe,
By links which the world shall not sever;
With thy tyrants through storm and through calm thou shalt go,
And thy sentence is bondage forever.
Thou art doom'd for the thankless to toil;
Thou art left for the proud to disdain;
And the blood of thy sons, and the wealth of thy soil
Shall be wasted—and wasted in vain.

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken;
Thy valor with coldness repaid;

And of millions who see thee thus sunk and forsaken,
Not one shall stand forth in thy aid.
In the nations thy place is left void;
Thou art lost in the list of the free;
Ev'n realms by the plague and the earthquake destroy'd,
May revive—but no hope is for thee.

FROM THE CONNECTICUT MIRROR.

The Graveyard.

'Tis morning on the sunny sod,
Where ling'ring footsteps late have trod;
'Tis morning on the melting snow,
That shrouds the grave of those below;
'Tis morning to each sprouting thing,
That greenly smiles because 'tis spring;
'Tis morning on the marble stones,
That designate their owners' bones;
'Tis morning to the young and fair,
Who walk, and laugh and loiter there.
Above let Spring in brightness glow,
A brighter morning smiles below.

There is a beam that breaks upon
The lone forsaken buried one:
And clearer than that dawning ray,
Which gives the first sweet light of day,
Sheds on the Christian's soul a light
To which the noon-day sun is night;
And shews the path his Saviour trod,
When, rising, he return'd to God.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

Stanzas.

I.

Farewell! Farewell! for thee arise
The bitter thoughts that pass not o'er;
And friendship's tears and friendship's sighs
Can never reach thee more.
For thou art fled, and all are vain
To call thee to this earth again.

II.

And thou hadst died where stranger's feet
Alone towards thy grave could bend;
And that last duty, sad but sweet,
Has not been destin'd for thy friend—
He was not near to calm thy smart,
And press thee to his bleeding heart.

III.

He was not near in that dark hour
When reason fled her ruin'd shrine,
To soothe with pity's gentle pow'r,
And mingle his faint sighs with thine;
And pour the parting tear to thee,
And pledge of his fidelity.

IV.

He was not near when thou wert borne
By others to thy parent earth,
To think of former days, and mourn
In silence o'er departed worth;
And seek thy cold and cheerless head,
And breathe a blessing for the dead.

V.

Destroying death! thou hast one link
That bound me in this world's frail chain;
And now I stand on life's rough brink,
Like one whose heart is cleft in twain;
Save there at times a thought will steal
To tell me that it still can feel.

VI.

Oh! what delights—what pleasing hours
In which all joys were wont to blend,
Have faded now, and all hope's flow'rs
Have wither'd with my friend.
Thou feel'st no pain within the tomb,
But they alone who weep thy doom.

VII.

Long wilt thou be the cherish'd theme
Of all their fondness—all their praise—
In daily thought and nightly dream—
In crowded halls and lonely ways;
And they will hallow every scene
Where thou in joyous youth hast been.

VIII.

This is the grief that cannot die,
And in their hearts will be the strife
That must remain with memory—
Uncancell'd from the book of life.
Their breasts will be the mournful urns
Where sorrow's incense ever burns.

Dialogue

BETWEEN SOUL AND BODY.

BY ANDREW MARVELL. A. D. 1650.

SOUL.

O, who shall, from this dungeon, raise
A soul enslav'd so many ways,
With bolts and bones that fetter'd stands
In feet; and manacl'd in bands:
Here, blinded with an eye, and there,
Deaf with the drumming of an ear:
A soul hung up as 't were, in chains
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins;
Tortur'd, besides each other part,
In a vain head and double heart?

BODY.

O, who shall deliver me whole,
From bonds of this tyrannic soul?
Which, stretch'd upright, impales me so,
That mine own precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needless frame;
(A fever could but do the same;)
And, wanting where its plight to try,
Has made me live, to let me die,
A body that could never rest,
Since this ill spirit it possess'd.

SOUL.

What magic could me thus confine,
Within another's grief to pine?
Where whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain:
And all my care itself employs,
That to preserve, which me destroys;
Constrain'd not only to endure
Diseases, but, what 's worse, the cure;
And ready oft the port to gain,
And shipwreck'd into health again.

BODY.

But physic yet could never reach
The maladies thou me dost teach;
Whom first, the cramp of hope does tear;
And then, the palsy shakes of fear:
The pestilence of love does heat;
Or hatred's hidden ulcer eat:
Joy's cheerful madness does perplex;
Or sorrow's other madness vex;
Which knowledge forces me to know,
And memory will not forego.

What, but a soul, could have the wit
To build me up for sin so fit?
So architects do square and hew
Green trees that in the forest grew.

The sentiments embraced in the following little article, are expressed in a very delicate strain of feeling, and if we should consider any thing faulty in its composition, it would be, the disagreement of versification, between the first and third lines of each stanza; at all times a defect, though by no means contrary to practice or propriety.

FROM THE OXFORD (MAINE) OBSERVER.

Morning.

'Tis not the hour when day retires
And leaves the earth to sombre shades,
When deep'ning gloom obscures the sight,
And nature's verdant landscape fades.

Ev'ning may boast her placid light,
Her mild and tranquilizing pow'rs;
Noon may assert her glowing sky,
The sunny radiance of her hours.

But most the soul delights to dwell
Upon the silver beams of morn,
Upon the bright and varying hues
Which her cerulean sky adorn.

The voice of grateful nature sounds
Melodious on the passing gale,
It rises from the neighb'ring grove,
And echoes from the peaceful vale.

Sweet the emotion of the soul,
Where none but happy notes she hears;
And sweet th' elastic bound of thought,
When morn's enliv'ning influence cheers.

Oh! who could breathe the fragrant air
That hovers o'er the rising day,
And harbor in his breast a thought
'Twould not be *virtue* to display?

OITHONA.

In the followihg stanzas, the measure being the same as that of the preceding, but with an entire absence of the blemish, we alluded to; it will be readily seen how highly its beautiful moral precepts are enhanced, by the harmony of its numbers, and the strict conformity of its metre. If from the pen (as is said) of a female, we cannot hesitate to congratulate the fair authoress, on her eminent success in cultivating the sweetest and most ennobling of sciences; the productions of her muse, will add to the reputation of our native poetry.

FROM THE BARNSTABLE GAZETTE.

To the Moon.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Bright planet! shining far above,
This weary world of doubt and woe,
Let me thy soothing influence prove,
Thy holy spells around me throw.

While gazing on thy placid face,
Thou aged trav'ller of the sky,
My heart would learn thy quiet grace,
Thy deep unmov'd tranquillity.

Thy pure and melancholy ray,
Recalls past thoughts of days gone by,
Of sorrows—long since pass'd away—
Of pleasures, only born to die.

My early years to mem'ry rise,
And early friendships reappear,
Forms of lost lov'd ones, greet mine eyes,
Their thrilling voices reach mine ear.

So sweetly rolls time's silent flood,
I scarce can deem that years have fled,
Since gazing on thy light, I stood,
With friends long number'd with the dead.

Kingdoms and empires wax and wane,
Yet still serene thou glidest on,
Gilding the cottage of the plain,
Or Monarch's monumental stone.

Oh! thus like thee may I behold,
Unmov'd, this transient gloomy scene,
Life's tale of woe will soon be told,
Its griefs—as though they ne'er had been.

E'en now, time's rushing stream I hear,
His ever onward rolling wave,
Fair Moon! ere long that ray so clear,
Shall sleep on my forgotten grave.

Yet thou shalt fall from Heav'n one night,
Thy changing face be seen no more,
Darkness shall veil thy glorious light,
And long oblivion shroud thee o'er.

HELEN.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

Penitence.

If thou would'st know what 'tis to weep,
To weep unpitied and alone
The live-long night, whilst others sleep,
Silent and mournful watch to keep,
Thou would'st not do what I have done.

If thou could'st know what 'tis to smile,
To smile whilst scorn'd by every one,
To hide by many an artful wile,
A heart that knows more grief than guile,
Thou would'st not do what I have done.

And Oh! if thou could'st think how drear,
When friends are chang'd and health is gone,
The world would to thine eyes appear;
If thou, like me, to none wert dear,
Thou would'st not do what I have done.

At Sea.

'Twas yesterday, and uncontroll'd,
The tempest 'round us dash'd;
Above us awful thunders roll'd,
And vivid lightnings flash'd.
As rush'd the waves so furiously,
A liquid fire they gave,
That seem'd like beacon flame to be,
To light us to our grave.

But sweetly in yon heav'n of blue
The moon is beaming now;
The ev'ning star scarce meets the view,

Upon the ocean's brow.
There's not a breath of wind to mar
The surface of the sea,
Where shines the sky, and ev'ry star
Reflected beauteously.

In such a calm how soon regain
Our breasts their wonted tone;
How soon forget the day of pain
And danger that is gone.
And this will be—as it hath been
Frail Man's precarious lot;
The tempest of to-day, is in
To-morrow's calm forgot.

The sun is up—his heart beats light,
New plans of bliss to form;
He dreams not of a coming night
Nor of a coming storm.
And when some hours of joy are past,
And many of dismay—
Death howls in the resistless blast,
And he is wreck'd for aye.

YORICK.

FROM THE VILLAGE HERALD.

The Departed.

O! sacred star of ev'ning, tell,
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here!
Roam they the chrystal fields of light,
O'er paths alone by angels trod?
Their robes with heav'nly splendor bright,
Their home—the Paradise of God?
Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime;
Where countless hosts of heav'n adore,
Through the unbounded fields of time?
And canst thou join the sacred choir, [raise,
Through heav'n's high dome the songs to
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre,
In ever-during notes of praise?
Oh who would heed the chilling blast
That blows o'er time's eventful sea;
If doom'd to hail, its perils past,—
The bright wave of eternity;—
And who the sorrows would not bear,
Of such a transient world as this;
When hope displays beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss!

WILFRID.

FROM THE ROCHESTER TELEGRAPH.

The tragic story of an individual who was swept over the falls, in attempting to ford the Genesee River (at an early period of the settlement of the country) is familiar. The rude mound his remains occupy beneath them occasioned the following:

The Lonely Grave.

There is a grave upon that sounding shore,
Where friends ne'er met to mingle sympathies, [roar,
Where ne'er rose requiem, but yon cat'ract's
Nor wav'd its grass to friendship's holy sighs.
No bending willow (sorrow's emblem) there,
Did e'er affection nurture with her tears,
Nor ev'ning's music ling'ring on the air,
Die o'er this lonely tenantry of years.
Stern nature has supplied the forms of wo,
And thrown a sacred wildness o'er the scene,
Mingling the din of waters' ceaseless flow,
With the deep moan of yonder evergreen.
When midnight silence hangs upon the spot,
And silver moon-beams dance upon the waves
That lowly tenant is not all forgot,
A spirit watchman keeps the "lonely grave."

J.

A Drop of Dew.

TRANSLATED FROM ANDREW MARVELL.

See, how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself encloses;
And, in its little globe's extent,
Frames as it can its native element.
How it the purple flow'r does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But, gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling lest it grows impure;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.
So the soul, that drop, that ray
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flow'r be seen,
Rememb'ring still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green;
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heav'n in an heav'n less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Ev'ry way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day.
Dark beneath, but bright above;
Here disdaining, there in love;
How loose and easy hence to go!
How girt and ready to ascend!
Moving on a point below,
It all about does upward bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congeal'd and chill;
Congeal'd on earth: but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the ALMIGHT SUN.

Where is he?

BY HENRY NEALE.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

JOB. V.

And where is he? not by her side,
Whose every want he lov'd to tend:
Not o'er those vallies wand'ring wide,
Where sweetly lost, he oft would wend;
That form he lov'd he marks no more,
Those scenes admir'd no more shall see,
Those scenes are lovely as before,
And she is fair—but where is he?

No, no, the radiance is not dim,
That us'd to gild his fav'rite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him,
Are dear to life and nature still:

But ah! his home is not as fair,
Neglected must his gardens be,
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seems to whisper, "where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall,
But where is all this proud display?
His riches, honors, pleasures, all
Desire could frame—but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seem'd proudly strong—but where is he?

The church-yard bears an added stone,
The fire-side shows a vacant chair;
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there:
The life is gone, the breath is fled,
And what has been no more shall be:
The well known form, the welcome tread,
Oh! where are they, and where is he?

FROM THE CITIZEN OF FREDERICKSTOWN.

Reflections

ON THE TRANSITORY STATE OF MAN.

A beauteous sky to-day is seen,
A canopy of clouds to-morrow,
And shorter of the space between,
Scenes of joy and scenes of sorrow.

So pass the days of sportive youth,
The pleasing dream so fair and fleeting,
So like the brilliant summer's sun,
Behind the western hills retreating.

Then age in twilight gray appears,
Approaching death, so dread and dreary,
The end of joy and end of fears,
A pleasing solace to the weary.

Then what is life?—a shadow vain!
A moment seen, and fled forever,
A myst'ry you cannot explain,
A thread the passing breeze can sever.

Take then a retrospective view,
And let it on thy mind impress,
This shortly will remain to you—
"A green grave and forgetfulness."

B*****.

We have a reason full as powerful, for wishing to preserve the following article, as that of mere approbation of the performance—tuat of wishing to rescue it and its author, from what appears to us, an attempt to drive down from the harmless ascent of Parnassus, a well-qualified and ambitious pilgrim towards its shades.

These lines were first published in the N. York American, of May 12th, 1825, and in the same paper of the following day, appeared an extremely RUDE, UNGENEROUS and UNJUST attack upon the writer, from an anonymous hand under the signature of "Cleon;" on which the Editors of the American themselves, make some remarks, in the propriety of which we entirely coincide. We should suppose this splenetic and malicious attempt at criticism, to have come from the pen of some one, who had just risen from a perusal of a page or two of Junius—if not indeed, a countryman of that celebrated writer; for it is difficult to believe that an American would have been so unfeeling as to convey his mere individual disapprobation, in terms so marked with overweening vanity, as well as cruelty. However this may be, "Cleon" should be assured that his laborred attempts at criticism, if always offered in the same style and spirit, fall infinitely farther short of an estimable model, than "Conway's" ability to contribute to our stock of American poetry. We beg leave to repeat to him his own quotation, changing a word only: "Criticus nascitur," he is not MADE.

The Editors of the American say, in substance—"We join issue with Cleon as to the fact of Conway's poetical talent, and maintain respecting the piece before us, that it evinces no questionable marks of inspiration, and we would willingly quote in proof of this opinion, one of the very "absurdities" that offends Cleon; the personification of mountains illuminated by the setting sun, as warriors "rearing their crested helms around a fast falling throne." Is there not poetry, nay sublimity, in this idea? Or is there any thing absurd in representing the descending sun, as it sinks, and sending forth, even after it has disappeared, the bright flashes of extinguished glories,—as a mighty throne or power hastening to destruction?"

We regret that our own limits will not permit us to dwell more at length on "Cleon's" unbecoming philippic; who may indeed be ironically termed in this violent ebullition of his envy, a second William Hazlitt "come to judgment."

Having read this production with much attention and satisfaction, we would merely point out a few instances of inadvertence or carelessness, which the indulgent reader will cheerfully overlook.

The lines—

"As when in youth my yielding spirit could take"—
"Urging thy water-steeds in beauty and power"—

are evidently too prosaic; but they are the only parts so distinguished. This blemish is of entirely too frequent occurrence in our country, and we believe in no case more so, than the prolific effusions of "Cleon's,' favorite PERCIVAL will testify; notwithstanding the numerous beauties, for which that gentleman's pen, is so justly admired.

In the following line—

"Suit not thy charms," &c.

although the transposition of the verb is allowable to the Poet, and frequently elegant; we should in this instance have preferred the more natural sound and expression—

"Thy charms suit not," &c.

Such other productions of this writer as may meet our notice, we shall cheerfully preserve to adorn our columns.

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMERICAN.

Stanzas.

"Curæ sub nocte recursant."

By Hudson's stream I stand: ah! not inspir'd
As when in youth my yielding spirit could take
The stamp of nature's beauty, and was fir'd
By the warm impress. Oh! when sorrows make [forsake
Man's heart the home of thoughts that ne'er
The self-made wretched, rove his eyes in vain
O'er nature's magic page! she cannot break,
E'en with her spells of power, the two-fold chain [pain.
That links the soul to wo, the wasted frame to

Let others view thee, Hudson, in this hour,
That poets love, the last of day's decline,
Urging thy water-steeds in beauty and power
Beneath the rude *Matawan's length'ning line;
I cannot bow in peace at nature's shrine,
Nor feel, e'en in this speaking solitude,
Thy loveliness around my bosom twine;—
Suit not thy charms a heart by grief subdu'd,—
By woes that cannot weep, and vain regrets pur-[su'd.

Yet parting day smiles sweetly on thy cheek,
Fair Hudson, and his glowing fingers throw
A lovely mantle o'er thee; and in meek
And quiet beauty on thy burnish'd brow
Glitter the gems of heav'n; thy tresses flow
In liquid amber.—Streaming to the eye,
Like hosts of fire, thy guardian mountains glow,
Around the sun's fast-falling throne on high,
Rearing their crested helms, in cloudy panoply.

They cannot shield the glories that must fade
In night's oblivion! I will look no more
Upon thy waters—do they not upbraid
My spirit with their peace? e'en since I bore
The name of man, and through th' expanding door[air,
Of the bright future chased those shapes of
That lured to hopes they left me to deplore;
No balm doth Nature bring me;—when I bare[anguish there!
My bosom's wounds, she smiles, and mocks the

CONWAY.

FROM AN IRISH PAPER.

Solitude.

Oh had I the wings and the speed of the dove,
How fast would I take me away,[love,
From men who can fashion the language of
While their hands are preparing to slay:
And though I might herd with the beasts of the chase,
And fare like the worm of the clod,
I would hide me afar in some desolate place
Where none could *pursue* me but God.
And there he would come on his chariot the cloud
When the winds or the waters were high,
And there he would speak when the thunders were loud,
And the lightnings envelop'd the sky.[light,
And there he would walk in his garment of
When the curtain of darkness withdrew,
And there he would look from his stars, in the night,
When the blossoms were drinkling the dew;
And there should my praises arise with the morn,
And close with the closing of day;
There, there, should I flee, (when my life was outworn,)
Like the mist of the mountain away;
For there though no Sister might shroud my remains,
No Brother spread o'er me the sod,
My body may mix with the winds and the rains,
But my spirit shall rise to its God.

*Matawan is the name by which the native Indians designated the Highlands of the Hudson.

Epitaph.

Oh stranger; pause, nor heedless pass this way,
Where rest the ashes of a son of earth;
For this sad marble now remains alone
To designate his virtues or his worth.

A few short years will pass unheeded by,
And this sad record of his hapless lot
Will like himself in mould'ring ruins lie,
Like him unhonor'd, and like him forgot.
"The storied Urn" and monumental bust,
In some, though distant, yet still certain hour,
Wither'd by Time's dread arm will turn to[pow'r.
dust
With those whom they should rescue from his

Then, stranger, pause; and shed a tear
O'er him whose ashes rest beneath this stone,
And may each dewdrop thou enrichest here
Shine with a brighter lustre on thine own.

JUAN.

The following Stanzas we are told, are from the pen of an accomplished and amiable Man, of which indeed the feeling, the softness, and the truly poetic and melancholy spirit manifested in almost every line, might at once convince us.

Innate depravity must truly have been deep-rooted in the heart of the wretch, who could stain his murderous knife, and imbrue his fiend-like hands, in the unoffending blood of—FRANCIS BAKER!

To Pleasure.

Oh pleasure! I have fondly woo'd
But never won thy fleeting favor,
My early suit was wild and rude,
And startl'd, thou didst fly forever.

Awhile I deeply sorrow'd o'er
The wreck of all that perish'd then;
When wilder, sweeter than before,
Thy smile, though distant, beam'd again.

And my sad heart, though deeply chill'd,
Still parting, sought thy lov'd embrace;
Trac'd ev'ry path thy vot'ries fill'd,
To meet thee in thy RESTING PLACE.

I saw thee mantling warm in wine,
And deeply bath'd my fever'd lip;
I saw thee pause at Beauty's shrine,
And surely hop'd thy sweets to sip.

But wine and beauty both conspir'd
To fill my soul with dark regret;
For scarcely won, their sweets expir'd,
And pleasure fleeting, 'scap'd me yet.

And now, with scarce a feeling warm,
When all should bloom in hearts unwasted,
I turn me from thy lovely form,
Thy joys unknown, thy sweets untasted.

Then fare thee well, deceitful shade,[thee,
Though bright the charms that still adorn
Too fondly press'd they with'ring fade,
And all who follow soon must scorn thee.

FROM THE NATIONAL JOURNAL.

The Withered Rose Bud.

To A——a.

"On thy leaves let me number the tears
"That affection has stolen from me!"

Thou art faded! thou symbol of youth and its hopes,
Like the ivy the hand of the husbandman lops,
Thou hast withering droop'd, from the touch of decay,
And thy fragrance of odors has vanish'd away!

On thy bosom no more shall the Nightingale rest, [west;
When her song lulls the Sun in his halls of the
No more shall the glittering gem of the dew
Lend its varying tints to thy brightness of hue.

Thy leaves are all shrunk—but the florulent stem, [like them;
From which thou wert pluck'd, shall not perish
On its tendrils' exub'rance no reptile shall creep,
Or in venomous weepings its blossoms dare steep.

Oh! long may that sweetest and tend'rest of flow'rs,
Luxuriantly drink eve's ambrosial show'rs;
Oh! long may it open its bosom's soft veils,
To load with their fragrance the winnowing gales!

But thou! thou rose bud, art an emblem of me,
For *my* soul was once in full blossom like thee;
But, since, I have mark'd my warm wishes decline, [pine!
And beneath the chill twinings of hopelessness

Then come, since of me a true semblance thou art— [heart;
Thou mouldering bud, be enshrin'd on this
Thou'lt mind me of Hope, and its temple, when there [Despair!
I thought, to taste bliss—but met nought—save

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMERICAN.

Lines

WRITTEN ON THE RUINS OF MELROSE ABBEY.

Proud monument of Border fame!
Thy ruin'd walls record the day
When England's ruthless spoilers came,
And havock track'd them on their way;
When monks and white-rob'd abbots fled,
With guarded step and noiseless tread,
At midnight from their cells;
While tented warriors dreaming lay,
And sentries chided night's delay,
As peal'd the Abbey bells.

A stream beside thy Gothic pile
Its mournful music lends;
And through each lone deserted aisle
A plaintive murmur sends.
The "Border line" that stream is styl'd;
It waters as it flows,
Alike the garden and the wild,
The thistle and the rose;
And Highland boys with native pride,
Have gaz'd where now those waters glide,
Absorb'd in transport's dream;
And Highland maidens wreath'd their bow'rs
With woodbine, and with forest flow'rs,
Beside thy lonely stream.

The wizard of the North hath said,
Go visit Melrose, when the moon
Invites communion with the dead—
The soul will ask no richer boon.
There is a charm within that hour
Which steals across the willing breast,
When gazing on each ruin'd tow'r
That rears its head, with ivy drest.

Then lend thy thoughts to days of old,
When oft the pious father told
His rosary, at Vesper pray'r—
Where now the lonely owlet tells
The place where kindred ruin dwells,
And mocks the days that were—
Then think how oft these aisles have rung
Responsive when the Abbots sung,
And swell'd the sacred tone,
And knelt them down, with hearts devout,
Abstracted from the world without,
Before the chancel stone.

Stranger, tread the burial ground
In silence—con each mould'ring stone;
Listen to the wind's dull sound,
Which hums the dirge of ages gone—
Of soldiers slain in battle-time—
Of monks, reclining in their cowls—
Of beauty, blighted in its prime—
Of names, inscrib'd on princely scrolls,
Since first the bugle signal broke
The warrior's dream for battle stroke,
For England's—Scotland's fame,—
And plighted maidens knew too well
Each cannon peal, the fun'ral knell
Of some lov'd, hallow'd name.

Observe, at twilight's rosy hours,
Beneath those time-defying spires,
Reckless children gath'ring flow'rs
Among the tomb-stones of their sires;
Contrast the happy childish play
With which they while the time away
With the sad look of anxious care
The searching pilgrim's features wear,
When, wrapt in contemplation's dream,
He muses on the silent dead,
And finds a melancholy theme
Engrav'd above each narrow bed.
The pilgrim seeks the prostrate shrine,
And weeps above the holy spot,
To see the altar where his line
Had breath'd so oft the prayer divine,
By man neglected and forgot;
And wild flow'rs too, in beauty gay,
Their fragrance mingling with the air,
As if in mock'ry of that day
When incense shed its perfume there.
Why should he mourn what time has done?
Its rapid course no hand can stay;
The midnight moon and morning sun
Come but to show all fades away.

V. & Co.

FROM THE ITHACA JOURNAL.

All that's Sweet must fade.

I saw a flow'r; it pleas'd me well,
It bloom'd so beauteous on the sight,
It was so fragrant to the smell,
It was so fair, so pure, so bright!
But Oh! the cruel blast of night!
It breath'd upon its virgin bloom
Its pois'nous breath, its killing blight,
And robb'd it of its sweet perfume.

I saw upon the vernal spray,
A drop of morning's holiest dew,
Return'd by the sun's broadest ray,
And trembling as the breezes blew;
But scarcely had it cheer'd my view,
When lo! it melted on the air,
And left the lonely spray to rue
That it should lose a thing so fair.

I saw upon the silver lake,
A ripple, as the moonlight shone,
Such as the wanton wild swans make,
When they are gliding gaily on:
But lo! a moment—it was gone;
'Twas but the winds of heav'n astray,
Breathing the sparkling waters on;
Soon as they ceas'd, it died away.

I saw, from the bright fields that lie
Far to the south, the bird of spring,
Gliding in beauty through the sky,
And here it stoop'd to rest its wing:
I listen'd, and I heard it sing.
Amid the freshness of the year,
It seem'd itself the gayest thing;
But still it would not linger here.

I saw, on the maternal breast,
The tender infant hush'd asleep;
Sweet were its dreams, and calm its rest,
It had not yet e'en learn'd to weep:
And though the mother long'd to keep
Her little darling ever so;
Alas! he woke in anguish deep,
And felt the fever's burning glow.

And now the mother o'er the boy,
As on the pillow pale he lay,
With yearning breast and tearful eye,
Hung all the night and all the day,
To chase disease and death away;
All, all a mother's arts were tried;
But still he faded day by day,
And like a seraph, calmly died.

FROM THE BALTIMORE PATRIOT.

Remember Me.

When wintry blasts are chilling
Each pledge of summer's joy;
When the heart's chords are thrilling
The notes that but destroy:
When sullen gloom is shrouding
All that the eye can see;
Each beam of promise clouding—
Oh then remember me!

When morning dimly breaking,
Lights faintly round the gloom;
When on thy couch awaking,
Bright in thy beauteous bloom;
Then, when each fairy vision,
Thy seraph slumbers flee,—
Amid their joys Elysian,
Oh then remember me!

And when calm night presiding,
Sits on her sable car;
Along heav'n's blue vault riding,
Hail'd by each glitt'ring star;
While thy blue eye is turning,
With pensive joy, to see
Those orbs so glorious burning,
Oh then remember me!

When kindred throngs around thee,
Flash festive wit and joy;
When orphean spells have bound thee,
And thy charm'd soul employ,
When each light moving grace and tone
Floats softly sweet and free,
And music hails thee as her own,
Oh then remember me!

Where'er thy steps are roving,
In pensiveness or mirth,
With smile or sigh still proving,
Thoughts of impassion'd birth:
O think of one who far away,
Forever thinks of thee,
And hail the bliss of life's lone way
In that blest memory! F.

The boldness, vigor, and almost martial movement of the following Stanzas, entitle them to high consideration. They are from the pen of WASHINGTON ALSTON, the distinguished Painter, and evince a brilliancy of fancy, and vivacity of expression, seldom surpassed. The poetical productions of this gentleman are not numerous, but they are like "diamonds of the first water," and will continue to be prized wherever found.

Lines

Though ages long have past,
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
Is which our Milton told,
How the vault of Heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;
While these, with rev'rence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
And from rock to rock repeat,
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still from either beach

The voice of blood shall reach
More audible than speech,
WE ARE ONE!

FROM THE N. Y. COURIER.

Love.

O Love! what may thine emblem be?
Thine is the Sybil's branch of gold,
Which gives us, e'en on earth, to see
Elysium's glitt'ring gates unfold;
And thine the foot, of elfin power,
Whose sight can make the spirit glow—
Like the green ring that gems the moor—
An em'rald in a waste of wo.

Such art thou, when thy path is sweet,
And leads o'er Hope's delicious plain;
When youthful hearts in music meet,
As summer winds the warbling main:
Such is thy power, when thou dost come
With wing of light and breath of flow'rs,
And waken in thy country's home
The lyre that rung in Eden's bow'rs.

But ah! far darker pow'rs are thine;
To bid lone hearts in vain to glow,
No rose to bloom, no ray to shine;
And lay young hope in ruin low!
Oh baffled Love! thine are the hues
That shroud in gloom the march of years;
And, as the glow-worm lights the dews,
Thou glimm'rest on the dark heart's tears.

FROM THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE PATRIOT.

Lines,

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

There was a lyre, 'tis said, that hung
High waving in the summer air;
An angel hand its chords had strung,
And left to breathe its music there.
Each wand'ring breeze, that o'er it flew,
Awoke a wilder, sweeter strain,
Than ever shell of mermaid blew,
In coral grottos of the main.
When, springing from the rose's bell,
Where all night he had sweetly slept,
The zephyr left the flow'ry dell,
Bright with the tears that morning wept;
He rose, and o'er the trembling lyre,
Wav'd lightly his soft, azure wing;
What touch such music could inspire!
What harp such lays of joy could sing!
The murmur of the shaded rills,
The birds that warbled sweetly by,
And the soft echo from the hills,
Were heard not, where that harp was nigh.
When the last light of fading day,
Along the bosom of the west,
In colours softly mingled lay,
When night had darken'd all the rest,
When softer than that fading light,
And sweeter than the lay that rung
Wild through the silence of the night,
When solemn Philomela sung,
That harp its plaintive murmurs sigh'd
Along the dewy breeze of even;
So soft and sweet they swell'd and died,
They seem'd the echo'd songs of heav'n.
Sometimes, when all the air was still,
Nor e'en the poplar's foliage trembl'd,
That lyre was nightly heard to thrill
Tones, that no earthly tones resembl'd;
And then, upon the moon's pale beams,
Unearthly forms were seen to stray,
Whose starry pinions' trembling gleams
Would oft around the wild harp play.
But soon the bloom of summer fled—
In earth and air it shone no more;
Each flow'r and leaf fell pale and dead,
While heav'n its wintry sternness wore.
One day, loud blew the northern blast—
The tempest's fury rag'd along—
O for some angel, as they pass'd,
To shield the harp of heav'nly song!
It shriek'd—how could it bear the touch,
The cold rude touch of such a storm,
When e'en the zephyr's seem'd too much
Sometimes, though always light and warm!
It loudly shriek'd—but ah, in vain,—
The savage wind more fiercely blew;
Once more—it never shriek'd again,
For every chord was torn in two!
It never thrill'd with anguish more,
Though beaten by the fiercest blast;
The pang that thus its bosom tore,
Was dreadful—but it was its last.
And though the smiles of summer play'd
Gently upon its shatter'd form,
And the light zephyr o'er it stray'd,
That lyre they could not wake or warm.

FROM THE ROCKINGHAM GAZETTE.

The Autumn Evening.

Behold the western ev'ning light!
It melts in deep'ning gloom:
So calmly christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low—the with'ring leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree!
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wand'ring cloud
The sunset beam is past!
'Tis like the mem'ry left behind,
When lov'd ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night
The yellow star appears!
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bath'd in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore;
And eyelids that are seal'd in death
Shall wake to close no more.

It affords us pleasure, to ornament our collection of American Poetry, with an elegant production of a gentleman who stands deservedly high with his fellow citizens, and whose literary exercises have added greatly to his reputation as a modest and unassuming scholar; we allude to C. SPRAGUE, Esq.

of Boston, who has been particularly successful in his occasional PRIZE odes, offered on various public occasions.

The double stanza, in Iambics, appears to be well adapted to the construction of exercises of this nature; and we accordingly find it very generally used as a model, and uniformly acceptable. We would indeed rank it as second to none, save the Heroic measure—if we except the beauties of the Anapestic, which from the difficulty of its modulation, is very seldom attempted.* With a few trifling errors of emphasis, the author has presented us with a very finished performance. A few lines we remark as eminently figurative and beautiful—

"Where her light foot, FLEW o'er the ground"—
"He rends the oak, and bids it RIDE,
"To guard the shore," &c.
"Fire bears his banner on the wave," &c. &c.

But to the ideas contained in the following lines, we feel constrained rather to object—

"And LEAPS triumphant o'er the grave"—
"And MOCKS his own Creator's skill"—

As a whole, however, we are confident the admirers of a fine fancy, and a glowing felicity of description, will approve the preservation, of an article so thoroughly enriched with these qualities.

Ode,

For the sixth Triennial Festival of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

When from the sacred garden driv'n,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heav'n,
And cross'd the wand'rer's sunless path.
'Twas ART! sweet ART! new radiance broke,
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
"*The* CURSE *a* BLESSING *shall be found.*"

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sun-beam never blaz'd;
The thistle shrunk—the harvest smil'd—
And nature gladden'd as she gaz'd.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At ART's command to him are giv'n;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heav'n.

He rends the oak, and bids it ride,
To guard the shore its beauty grac'd;
He smites the rock; upheav'd in pride,
See tow'rs of strength and domes of taste.
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that fill his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illume the page,
And proudly scorning time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.
In war renown'd, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His pow'r, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

*Of this class of numbers, we have a beautiful specimen, entitled "Response" to the "Grave of the Year," by a gentleman of Maine, which will appear in our next.

Burns.

BY J. B. SHEYS.

Oh! breathe his name with rev'rence deep,
And never mar his matchless song;
And hail him in your dreaming sleep
Where glory leads his shade along!
Oh! keep the sweetest flow'rs for him,
That spread in summer's transient ray;
To deck the goblet's sparkling brim,
To soothe his spirit far away!

O'er him no useless tablet raise—
With Nature's self his fame shall bloom;
The tongues of earth speak out his praise,
The wide world be his glorious tomb!
He lives where Freedom wakes the fight—
He lives where Love and Feeling plead,
Around the board each soul is bright,
To gild the wreath to him decreed.

On winding Ayr's green hallow'd side,
Though Scotia's genius proudly roams,
Creation hails the man with pride—
The poet has a thousand homes,
While time his blessed name endears,
While Nature to his mem'ry turns,
His ruin'd Harp, bedeck'd with tears,
Should be the epitaph of—Burns!

To Blossoms.

BY R. HERRICK.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay here yet awhile.
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so bid good night?
'Tis pity nature brought you forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And so lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
After they've shewn their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

ANECDOTE.

Euripides, the poet, once said that three of his verses had cost him the labor of three days. 'I could have written a hundred in that time,' said another poet of ordinary abilities. 'I believe it,' replied Euripides, 'but they would have lived only three days.'

ONDITIONS.

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